



THE TRAG
OF HAMLET
PRINCE OF
DENMARK.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco, two

B *Ar. Who's there?*
Fran. Nay answer me, stand and v
Bar. Long live the King.
Fran. Barnardo?
Bar. Hee.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your h

Bar. 'Tis now firooke twelve: get thee to be

Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, 'tis bitt
And I am sicke at heart.

Bar. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Bar. Well, goodnight:

If you doe meet Horatio and Marcellus,

The rivalls of my warch, bid them make haste

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke Iheare them. Stand ho: wh

Hora. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Liegemen to the Dane.